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IN MEMORIAM—MRS EDNA PATTON MORRISON.

SKETCH BY MISS C. E. WILSON.

RS. EDNA PATTON MORRISON departed to her heavenly home April 8th, 1890. In her arms was laid to rest her infant son, Marion, who gave up his little life some 15 hours later. Their bodies being united to Christ will rest in the Gurjanwala cemetery until the resurrection, but their gentle spirits are with their Saviour. "He giveth His beloved sleep," was the word of comfort the Spirit imparted, as we contemplated the unwelcome news of her probable speedy departure from our midst. The heart refusing to be comforted, rebelliously replied, "Why, oh why, must one of our choicest and youngest be taken now? It cannot, cannot be!"

At 11 p. m., while still wearily tossing on our couch, the lightning message came, "Mrs. Morrison dead; funeral at 8 a. m., to-morrow." Who can estimate the measure of sorrow those heavy words bore to our missionaries in every direction, or weigh the heavy burden of grief that was then crushing the young husband and missionary in his deserted home.

How our hearts bled for the distant mother, brother and sisters and for the son Harold, so early left without a mother's love and care!

Having had special opportunities for studying the life and character of Mrs. Morrison, I have been asked to place on record some impressions thus received. There is nothing like a long sea voyage to test the real character, and she bore this test admirably on her six weeks' voyage from America to India. She endeared herself to all her fellow passengers by her spirit of unselfishness, patience, cheerfulness, kindness and heroic faith. Once in a storm, when a number of us were crowded in the only little room at the head of the stairs on deck, trying to get a bit of fresh air, and were so jostled against each other that every face turned pale, and apprehension of great danger was felt by even the captain, she brought cheer and hope to all near her by singing the first few lines of the 46th psalm. The most prominent features of her character, which I have marked during the three years' acquaintance with her, were, good judgment beyond her years, ambition to do good and be good, and thorough consecration to her Master's service. She showed great

interest in the people among whom she came to labor, and applied herself diligently to the study of the language, and for a time kept equal pace with her husband. Though only with us here a year and four and a half months, yet she acquired sufficient knowledge of the language to direct the women's prayer meeting in the absence of Miss McCullough and to relieve Rev. McKee of the supervision of the Girl's Schools on her return from the hills last autumn. Rev. McKee, with whom Rev. and Mrs. Morrison have lived ever since they came to India, says of her, "She was in every way a model wife and mother, and made her home happy and bright by her presence. She was one of the loveliest characters in the mission, and gave promise of being one of our best missionaries. I never saw her more beautiful in life than in death, but the mother and babe lying in the same coffin was the saddest sight I have ever seen."

Mrs. Holliday, who with her husband lived over two months with Mr. and Mrs. Morrison since she came out, and was with her during her two weeks' illness says, "I feel I have lost one of my nearest and dearest friends. She was one of the sweetest Christian characters I have ever been privileged to meet. In all her sickness that same pleasant smile awaited us, and never a word of complaint or murmuring. In the midst of her own sufferings her mother love rose supreme, "How can I leave you and my boys?" were the only words to her husband, when told she could not live. She had no fear of death but was ready to go at her Master's call; but she knew the trials of a home in a strange land without a mother."

Dr. Clark, editor of the Punjab *Mission* News, who has occasionally seen her in her home, says: "A sore trial has been sent to the Rev. G. W. Morrison, of Gujranwalla. Mrs. Morrison and her little baby, born a few weeks ago, have both been called home. The funeral took place on the 8th inst. The deceased lady had only been about two years in the country. Her gentle manners and simple, unaffected kindness, had endeared her to many hearts. She had the true missionary love for the people, and showed promise of developing into a very blessed and fruitful worker. The Lord has been pleased to will it otherwise, and has granted her her crown on the threshold of her missionary life. Her works will follow her. We beg to assure the bereaved husband and father, and the mission, of our profound and most prayerful sympathy."

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

May 5th, 1890.

EXTRACT FROM PAPER READ BY MRS. J. B. CARRUTHERS, AT MEMORIAL MEETING.

It is not my purpose at this time to eulogize the character and deeds of the individual whose sad and sudden death in a foreign land has occasioned this meeting, for our best deeds in the journey of life are no more than is due to our fellow travelers, or to God, the Guardian of all —then why should they be lauded? But in the brief space allotted me I will allude to *facts*, not meaningless words—*actions*, not idle expressions.

The part assigned me in the "Memorial Exercise" has reference to her work in the "Mission Band" in this congregation and afterward as City Missionary in this place.

In my "mind's eye" I can see Edna Patton yet as a little girl, soon after entering her "teens"—one of the first members of the "Band." Modest and retiring yet always cheerful, always willing to perform any part assigned her. Her promptness, faithfulness, and earnestness, but above all the true Christian

spirit that shone in all her actions, so endeared her to me that when the three Women's Missionary Societies were seeking a Bible Reader, one to take the place of "City Missionary," I suggested Edna as one combining in my estimation both efficiency and piety. She was accepted—and for the results inquire of the poor in this world's goods, the unlearned but God-fearing inmates of many an humble home in this city, which she weekly visited, giving comfort by her own words and the words of Divine Truth. Many were the testimonials of regret from those who had learned to love her, when she resigned her post of duty to accept a similar one beyond the seas.

It is difficult to realize that we will see the face of Edna Patton Morrison no more—that her work on earth is done! But her life was measured by "deeds not years." "God often moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform" but in Heaven we shall know "*why*."

May 25th, 1890.

EXTRACT FROM PAPER READ BY MISS LEILA QUINN, AT MEMORIAL MEETING.

I think the character of Mrs. Edna Patton Morrison was beautiful, and in contemplating her life it would seem that heaven was brought nearer to us by it; that she reflected the character of her Master in such a manner as to give at least a glimpse of Him who is altogether lovely. Does it not lead even farther and enable one to say as we were singing a few moments ago: If His character can be so impressed upon a follower here on earth, surely I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness. * * * * * * * * *

Mrs. Edna Patton Morrison was born in Xenia, O., on the 22nd of June, 1866, and died on the 7th of April, 1890, being nearly 24 years of age. Her life was short as we count years, but measured by the good she did it would seem long. Even when a little girl, she was particularly unselfish. If she had some sweetmeat that she thought brother or sister would enjoy, she would always save it to share with them, and to be in any manner useful to her mother was her delight. She thought constantly first of others, and as she grew older this trait so developed itself that about a year before she left us, as city missionary for the three women,s missionary societies of our church in this city, she sacrificed much of her own time and feelings to work among the lowly. Two or three afternoons of each week she visited the homes of the colored people in the eastern part of the city, reading, talking and praying with the sick ones. In these humble dwellings where there was great ignorance and the way of salvation was not known, she would tell them of the Saviour and read from God's Holy Word the promises of eternal life, which were so *sure* to herself.

For four or five years before her marriage she taught in the U. P. colored mission school of this city. Mrs. Morrison was enthusiastic in this work, and devoting much time to the study of the Bible she made a very wise and earnest teacher. When she gave up that work to labor in a foreign country her loss was deeply regretted.

When the Society of Christian Endeavor, was organized she was among the sixteen members with whom our meetings began. An active member in the true sense of that word she proved to be Many are the times that we have listened to her voice in this room as she led in prayer, and it seems as though we could hear it yet, as she said "We thank Thee, Father" for this mercy and that. Ever thankful she found reason to be grateful even for trouble sent upon her, realizing that God chastens only, to try, to prove, to purify. She had strong belief in the power of prayer, and the

last request she made in the Young People's meeting was in the words of the Apostle Paul, "Finally, brethren, pray for us that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."

IN MEMORIAM—MRS. MARY TAYLOR CRAWFORD.

The morning of the 22nd of May, 1890 was a sad one for the faithful little band of missionaries of the Irish Presbyterian church in Damascus. Mrs. Mary Taylor Crawford, wife of Rev. J. Stewart Crawford, in the very bloom of her young womanhood and with a life full of promise, was called away from her husband, from her friends and from her work, to enter into the Heavenly rest.

She was not a member of the United Presbyterian Church as we stated last month, but was, previous to her marriage, a member of the Presbyterian Church of Wilkinsburg, Pa. She is well and favorably known to many in our church, however, as she entered the preparatory department of Westminster College and took a full course. Many of her former fellow students speak of her in terms of warm appreciation. She had ever the reputation of being a fine student and noble christian character.

One who sustained to her the relation of tutor during her college course writes: "I cannot refrain from saying that the intelligence received from Damascus, first of Mrs. Crawford's serious illness and then of her death filled me with a sadness which I cannot express. "Mame" Taylor (for so she was familiarly called by her fellow students) possessed a most amiable character which won the esteem and affection of all in this place who became acquainted with her. Besides her mental powers were of a high order. These she cultivated diligently during her entire college course, always taking a front rank in her classes.

When she was united in marriage to Mr. Crawford and went out with him to the mission field of Syria, the hopes and the prayers of the faculty and students of Westminster College followed her. That she would be long spared to be a helpmate to her husband and a co-worker with him in that distant field was an expectation fondly and widely cherished. This expectation met with early disappointment. Mary "has ceased from her labors."

Mrs. Crawford had known much sorrow for one so young. About a year before her marriage she was bereft of her mother, which left her the only surviving member of her family. Still she was bright and cheerful and possessed of a fine vein of humor which was a source of delight to her friends. Her devotion to duty knew no flinching. When she was seriously out of health her physician prescribed a change of air. She could not go alone, and she herself refused to take her husband away from his work to accompany her, so another plan was fallen upon, which met with the doctor's approval, but all plans failed to bring the desired result. She failed gradually until near the last, when the young life went rapidly out.

The night before her death her husband took the Bible, and read and talked to her a long time. She listened and talked with him and asked him to read the 15th chapter of 1st Cor. after which she fell asleep. Afterward she awoke but soon became unconscious and sank away so gradually that it could scarcely be known just when the end came.

The words of Mr. Aldrich come to mind:

"Her suffering ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise!"

One who knew her best says: "There was little to say of her life here, except that she was sweet, patient and attractive. The last time her husband left her for a mission trip, we all saw that he ought not to leave her again. This was early in December, I believe. While he was away she told Miss Logan that it was her part of mission work to be willing to stay alone, and it was always so. She did not think of herself at all. It was this that hindered her seeing how near her change was at the last. Four weeks before, she had written out directions for the disposal of her possessions and she knew she would never be well again, but she thought so little of her symptoms that she did not realize how near the grave she was living. She was never vexed or impatient. My husband used often to remark, even while she was quite well, that he never saw so even tempered a person. She had a taste for the beautiful, for bright, pretty colors, but was remarkably plain in her dress. She was very hospitable, and thought it right to take great pains to please others, but most of all she wished to do right and please the Master. She has gone home, but will long be missed in our family and in our circle."

She was laid to rest in the little Protestant cemetery beside Mrs. Mary Frazier, one of our earliest missionaries, who went from Hamilton, O.

Her little daughter Esther, who was born on the 23rd of January, preceded her to the better land, as she lived but a few days.

The friends of the family and of missions will cherish the memory of Mrs. Crawford, and sympathize with the bereaved husband and other dear ones in their great loss.

B. P.

A TRIBUTE FROM A FELLOW STUDENT.

Nine years ago in this month I became acquainted with Mary Taylor. She was then a Junior in Westminster College. I had just entered. We were to live in the same family. I well remember how glad all the other girls were to see "Mame." She seemed to be their favorite. Soon I learned what had drawn them to her. Cheerful and hopeful in disposition, bright and appreciative in intellect, sympathetic and warm-hearted, one could not live in her atmosphere and not learn to love her. Those of us who were privileged to pass much time in her immediate presence can never forget what a perfect *companion* she was. Her thoughts were lifted much of the time above the common things of life, so that to be associated with her was an inspiration. In our daily walks, nothing strange or beautiful in nature ever escaped her notice. How often have I heard her exclaim, "What a beautiful world we live in!" Her mind was filled with fine sentiments of the best writers, and these she would repeat at such length, and with so much fitness and feeling, that we often marveled at her ability. Her religion was, in an unusual way, a part of each day's living. She followed the Master with a faith as simple, and a dependence as perfect, as that of a little child.

After leaving school we were permitted to live near each other, and I witnessed the fuller development of those qualities which had at school endeared her to us all. Freed from the prejudice and narrowness of mind that always fetter the soul in school life, her character grew into one of exceeding strength and beauty.

An only child, she was called to bury her father, and then devoted her life with loving tenderness to the care of an invalid mother. I have never seen parent and child so bound up in the heart of each other as were they.

After the death of her mother, Mary attended Wellesley College. She made much of her advantages there, and only

left to prepare for a new home in a new land.

In our last conversation, as we talked of the probability of meeting again, she said, "I do not fear death, nor do I feel that it can rob me of my friends. It is but the lifting up of the head, the stretching out of the hand; then we shall be with our dear ones."

Gladly would I say more on my own account and as a representative of the circle of her companions. We all had anticipated for Mrs. Crawford a long, happy life. A happy one she had. If one of us must needs have been taken, we all know that she was ripest for heaven.

SARAH M. MCELREE.

Allegheny, Pa., Sept. 11, 1890.

IN MEMORIAM—MRS. REV. W. M. NICHOL.

On Thursday, the 17th ult., Mrs. Nichol, wife of the Rev. W. M. Nichol, departed this life at their mission station, Monsoura, Egypt. Thus our Egyptian mission is early made to join her sister mission in India in the death of one of the youngest of her mission band.

Mrs. Laura Katharine Nichol was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 3, 1865. Her parents were Simon and Joanna Herget, and she was the youngest of the three children left in the family. The parents were members of the German Evangelical Church. On the removal of the family to Allegheny, which occurred in her early life, she was led to attend the Sabbath-school of the Second United Presbyterian church in that city. Here she was early and often the subject of deep religious impressions. At length, after long and anxious thought and many prayers, she was brought to have a hope in Christ, and united with the above church in a public profession of her faith, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. McMillan. Her education was mainly in the schools of Allegheny, and such was the confidence which was had in her ability and worth, that for the seven years before her departure to her mission work, she was occupied as a teacher in the school where she had principally had her own educational training. Humble, conscientious and faithful, she was eminently fitted for her position, and in her almost consuming desire to do good she filled it well for every one under her care.

Her thoughts were first specially turned to the subject of foreign missions in her intercourse with Miss Annie F. Given, who is now an efficient and useful laborer in our India mission. Often, as she thought of the many religious privileges she enjoyed, and especially of all that the gospel had done for her, she was led to think of the multitudes of her heathen sisters who are without the gospel and in ignorance, degradation and misery, and her heart was moved in her. About this time, also, she heard the farewell address of the Rev. J. H. Martin on the eve of his departure for the mission field in India, and so deeply was the feeling of personal duty to the heathen impressed upon her, that she resolved that if ever God opened the way in his providence for it, she would devote herself for life to this service. When, therefore, some time after, it was proposed by one who had shown himself worthy of her regard that she would become his wife with a view of entering upon the foreign missionary work, she at once accepted the proposition, and, as if feeling that she was consecrated to it, she set herself immediately to make preparations for her departure.

On the 12th of September, 1889, she was united in marriage with the Rev. William M. Nichol, of Indiana, Pa., who

had received an appointment to the foreign mission of our Church in Egypt, and after various missionary meetings of special interest in Allegheny, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Jersey City and New York, she set sail on Wednesday, the 16th of October, on the steamship "City of Rome" for her great mission work in Egypt.

The mission party of which she was a member, and that sailed that day, was the largest that has ever left our church at one time as its earnest and loving contribution to the heathen world, two missionaries returning, and thirteen newly entering the service—fifteen in all. Mrs. Nichol was one of the youngest of them all. Gentle and thoughtful, earnest and loving, she gave her heart and her life to the work to which she believed her Master had called her. Early now she rests.

Her end was peace. The Mission in Egypt mourns again. The servants fall, but the Master lives.—Dr. Dales, in *Christian Instructor*.

THE FREEDMEN AND THEIR NEEDS.

NOTE.—This paper, read at meeting of W. G. M. S., Washington, Ia., was received too late to appear in July number.—Ed.

E will speak of the colored people as educated and uneducated. Those who have school privileges are in the minority—only a drop in the bucket. The educated, as they are seen and known, may be divided into, first, those who know but are unwilling to do the Master's work. They do not seem to realize the great need of work to be done among our people. They will not practice self-denial. The most of these are found in the city schools. They have received an intellectual, but not a religious training, and consequently have no higher motive than the cultivation of the minds of their pupils, while the precious soul is left to starve and be lost through the need of Christian workers. This class is far above the average minister in education, and of course has no confidence in him on account of his inferiority, and here is found the tendency to lose sight of the gospel and wander off into infidelity and scepticism. This is a sketch of the public school system of training, "As the trainer so the trained." The following is an instance in the Athens school: Before we went there the school had been taught several years by one of our best educated colored men, and, sad to say, he is an infidel. He took no part in the Sabbath-school, cared nothing for any religious services or the welfare of the people in the community. He merely tolerated them for the gains the school brought him, and he bitterly opposed our church taking charge of the school, and did all he could to poison the minds of the people against it. All the ministers there were this man's inferiors in education, and when he visited any of their churches it was only mockery. Often I visited the church of the leading minister there. He is a very incompetent leader, and never preached a sermon without commencing in Genesis and ending in Revelation. Quite often when he would wax eloquent in his discourse, he would say, "Oh, brudders, something hes got to be did, for I am coming on down the line, while my God is setting away back in emmensity, send his message through the metrackless ether. Quicker than the zizzag lightning I caught up the theme." If he meant by coming on down the line that he was getting down to his sermon and giving us the gospel in its purest form, I am sorry

to say it was never done. What the theme was which he caught up I have never found out. Sometimes, on Monday morning, some of the most advanced pupils have asked if certain things he had said on Sabbath were true. It seemed hard to contradict a minister, but the truth must be told. Some of the young men in the school said it did them no good to attend church, but they went because they had no other place to go and it was a great deal of fun. It is hoped better things will soon be offered them, for now Mr. J. L. Cook, who is a classical graduate of Knoxville College and has spent the last two years in a United Presbyterian seminary, has charge of the mission Sabbath-school and a United Presbyterian congregation may soon be established among them. Athens' outlook is favorable. It is true, there are a few educated ministers, but they have charge of city churches and their work does not reach out to benefit the country districts, consequently the people are neglected and left to find their way as best they can, which alas, too often is a way of sin and ignorance.

But not all our educated people are out of the church. There are some who have dedicated themselves, and are zealous Christian workers. They are willing to do all they can for the upbuilding of the Master's kingdom and the elevation of the race, but they are so few that it requires all their energies to counteract the evils of the other class. What we *need* is more of these consecrated workers, who are willing and anxious to go out into the work of uplifting and benefiting our people. Ah, truly is the harvest great and the laborers few. How are we to get more laborers unless it is through such noble institutions as Knoxville College, which has for its aim the preparing of and sending out Christian men and women into the world? Lexington and Bunker Hill school girls and boys will tell you they live in the hearts of Americans, hallowed by the first blood shed for liberty. Washington, Iowa, is also historic ground. Here lived the hero who left his comfortable home, and with his brave wife and helpless children, obeyed his Master's command, "Go ye into all the world." The cause of Afro-American education was baptized by the blood of this hero and heroine. The story I know still lives in your loving hearts, and to-day I come to you as part of its fruit. Time can never show the good resulting from the gift of the United Presbyterian church in the form of the college, situated as it is in this Southland of ours, where so many can come and receive a religious, intellectual and industrial education. It yearly gathers together from all over the Southern states between two and four hundred young men and young women. While in school all is done that can be done to enable those who are not Christians to become such before they return home. The students are also required to take an industrial course; the hands are trained along with the heart and mind, consequently when they go out into the world they are a source of much help. During the vacation many of the students go to the country and towns as teachers, and cheering word comes back from time to time, saying that in these communities they are great helpers in prayer meeting, Sabbath-school and every way. Those who do not teach seek to get steady employment, and do not feel above laboring honestly for their support. "I am a student of Knoxville College," is usually all the recommendation our boys need. The girls are eagerly sought for as house girls by the best families in the city. But this is not all Knoxville College, combined with the church is doing. It is sending out Christian workers into home fields. Is not the United Presbyterian church, through this instrumentality, doing a glorious work? About one year ago I read a letter in the WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE on

the subject of making United Presbyterians of the colored people. Yes, United Presbyterians can be made of them. It is being done, for I am one. Give us the right training and we will make as good United Presbyterians as we do Baptists and Methodists. We sing and enjoy the psalms as well as we did the gospel songs. In Athens there were no objections to the psalms. One choir would borrow our psalm books to use in the church.

We are learning and understanding the evils of secret societies. We realize that if we would be upright Christians we must avoid these snares of Satan. I have had students say to me, "Miss Mason, I never knew or thought there was any evil in secret societies until I came to Knoxville College." So we see that it is not on account of the color of our skin, or that we are so differently constituted from other races, that we are not United Presbyterians, but it is for lack of proper training. Many students come to college who never heard of the United Presbyterian church, and often a member from these is added to the church. When we get United Presbyterian homes established, where our children can receive the requisite training co-operating with the school work, there will be no need of the question, "Can we make United Presbyterians of them?" for then we will be United Presbyterians in very truth. Surely the day will come when our church will be enlarged widely throughout the South.

This question may suggest itself to the minds of some: How can we get these homes of which you speak? Now we have to depend principally on our boarding department to send out those who have received a Christian training in its home like circle. Clearly do we see the good and importance of the boarding department, since it reaches those whom we could not possibly help, should they remain in their homes or attend school as day pupils only. During the six years that I have been traveling around teaching, my work has been chiefly among the uneducated, where Christian ministers and teachers are needed. One of the greatest hindrances is found in the opposition of the ignorant ministers who are always found in these communities. They are not too ignorant to know that ignorance and superstition will and must give away to intelligence, and naturally they will lose the influence they wield as leaders of the masses. It is terrible to think of these ignorant, immoral men as leaders. The morals of these colored ministers, as seen and known, are shockingly low. Must the people continue to follow them? Forbid it, Heaven! The people cannot rise above their leaders. "The cry from our Macedonia is great." Who will come and help us?

In visiting the families I find the homes very unattractive. The houses are poorly built and contain one or two rooms. Families of five, six or more children are reared in these uncomfortable homes. The mother is often a washwoman, or out in service. There is nothing elevating or refining, nor anything to bespeak a Christian home. The family altar is an unknown institution. Sometimes the parents, or one of them, is a professing Christian, but religion with them seems to mean going to church and trying to feel good while there. As a general thing our people are very emotional in their religion; they enjoy parade and excitement in their worship. Quite often I have been asked, "Are you a Christian?" I answer, "Yes, why?" They say, "Oh, because you are so quiet about it in church." They have yet to learn that Christianity does not merely consist in getting up a feeling for church, but in the lives we live daily for Christ and the good we can do for others.

The Prairie Bluff mission is situated in what is known as the "Black Belt" of the Southern states in a large bend in the Alabama river. In this bend there

are said to be about 26,880 acres of land, one-half of it under cultivation. There are only thirty whites, while there are one thousand colored people, and, *just think of it, not one foot of all this land* belongs to a colored man, but is all *tilled by the blacks*. The people on these plantations are most ignorant, superstitious and degraded. When I went among them in '84, I said, can it be possible that, after almost twenty years of freedom, I find the condition of my people thus? Yet they were eager for light and gladly received me. They would say, "Us wants us' children to learn." The school would be crowded with old and young, while we would have more than we could accommodate in the day school, all so anxious to learn. We would go around and hold Bible readings among the families; the houses would be filled with those who seemed eager to hear the way of life explained from the sacred scriptures. They had always had the plantation preachers and teachers for leaders, which were almost as ignorant as themselves. In the three years that I was there I did not meet or hear a single minister preach who could write or quote correctly one passage of scripture. One Sabbath morning I asked one of the visiting ministers to lead us in prayer, and he said, "O, Lord, we do ax thee to remove all integrity from our hearts and to place right thoughts instead," and in his remarks to the Sabbath-school, he said, "Dear teachers and scholars, all I say to and for you, I say with insincerity in my heart." Of course he meant to be sincere in all he did. One morning a brother preached in our school house on the subject of humility. He said Christ said to his disciple, "I am a mud turtle,' and, brudders, if Christ were mud, why can we not be mud turtles, too?" and the brothers responded, "Yes, yes, truf, Lord." Sometimes it was hard to tell who was preaching, so many would be talking at once, and if the minister would say something a brother did not like or understand, he would rise in his seat and say, "Hold on, brudder, I am not wid you now; I call you to a pint of order." Then, if the minister would say something to please him, he would say, "Go on, brudder, I am wid you now; I sees where you is gwine right square through de gate."

After every service held in the church they would form a ring near the pulpit and commence singing and patting for what they called Christian march or dance. If any got very happy he was removed from the ring, and the dance would be continued until all were completely exhausted. When I first saw it I was greatly amazed, and said, truly we need missionaries here. After working there three years I was compelled to give up the work on account of malaria, but the good work goes on. Mr. P. C. Cloud, a member of the United Presbyterian church, and a graduate of Knoxville College, carries on the work successfully, and the prospects for a United Presbyterian church there are good. The question might be asked can not white teachers do this work as well, if not better than the colored teachers? No. One reason is, they would not be respected by this class of colored people, and again it would be impossible for white teachers to reach them as we do, having been all of their lives taught to fear and conceal much from the whites. This trait is still strong among them. In conclusion I would say I feel that I owe a debt of deep gratitude to the Women's Missionary Society of the Third United Presbyterian church, of Xenia, Ohio, which helped me through the collage. When I entered college I had no idea of staying longer than three or four months, but through the help of the society and and influence of the teachers I was enabled to finish a course. And to the ladies of the other societies who have been so generous in assisting me since I have been in the work, by sending me

second-hand clothing and material for the sewing department, I offer you sincere and hearty thanks for your assistance, which was always timely and valuable. Anything that is done for this work is done for Christ, and "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." HENRIETTA M. MASON,

Knoxville, Tenn.

13 West Cumberland St.

Missionary Correspondence

GOING OUT INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

Matt. 13: 3-8 and Luke 14: 23.

IN the Western and Southern portions of Gurdaspur District the villages are a mass of mud huts, with flat roofs, and look very like the gray soil from which they are made. Occasionally the white minarets of a Mohammedan mosque form a beacon to guide you to them. Sometimes they are built on ancient ruins, or forsaken brick-kilns, and can be seen from afar over the vast plain. The country lying between these villages, which are as thick as farm houses in *the West* of America, is one vast field, with an occasional road bordered with trees or foot paths running here and there through it. No hedge or fence prevents the traveler from going wherever he will. When this field is clothed with sugar-cane, or green or golden wheat, it presents a beautiful sight indeed. A few dark green trees scattered through it add to its picturesqueness.

In the Northern and Eastern portions of the District the scenery is very different from that described above. As we near Puthankote we cross a region of jungle covered with tall grass and palm trees of the date species. And in the portion between the Ravee and Chukkie rivers, bordered by the mountains, the country in its original state looks as if it might have been once the bed of a river, from the amount of small boulders left over its surface. As we travel through this region, we see that the sturdy, energetic farmers of the place have redeemed most of this stony ground and turned it from barrenness to fruitfulness. There were plenty of stones on the surface to enclose their fields with stone fences; however, few have availed themselves of this privilege. As soon as the plow is thrust in the whole field again becomes a mass of stones, though removed from the surface before, and not until after many years of labor are they completely removed from the surface. What Western farmer would care to earn his bread here? It gave us pleasure to find large fields of waving, green wheat, though it is rather short and thin because of the drouth. The farmers congregate in villages, and build large, comfortable houses from the soil and stones, and thatch their roofs with the tall grass of the river. The people seem very numerous to be fed from such apparently poor soil, and large herds of cattle are seen in every village. Their houses form a pleasing contrast to those on the plains, being more spacious, clean and airy. They are well lighted and ventilated from the grass gable roofs—the ends being left quite open. The roofs extend over a long, narrow veranda in front, which is elevated from one to three feet above the court, and this veranda is usually the work-shop, cook room and sitting room of the family. The walls of the house, inside and out, and the court in front are usually washed

with a light clay, and present a clean, inviting appearance. The walls are often beautifully ornamented too, by indentations made in the soft clay while the house was in building.

Small plots of ground near these villages are hedged off with a row of tall slender cactus in which branches of thorny trees are woven and tied by ropes. They form an effectual barrier to man and beast. The village is entered by a narrow lane between these hedges, and by a small wicket gate through the hedge. There are usually a good many trees in the village, and these with the brown grass roofs, make it difficult to discern it at any distance, or form any proper estimate of its size.

Among such villages as described above we worked for a month this spring, and indeed a part of every winter season is given to them. While going from place to place, the words of the texts referred to above often come to mind. The people are mostly Hindoos, enterprising and affable, and uniformly treat us with kindness, though at first the novel face of a white person under a big sun hat often frightens the women. We have been trying, in a spiritual sense, to compel those in the highways and hedges to come to Christ's banquet, and have realized that we meet the four classes of hearers mentioned in the parable, but most generally the stony ground ones. They hear the word joyfully, and acknowledge it as far superior to the teaching of their gooroos, but not having taken root in their hearts it endures but a short time, and because of the reproach or persecution of their friends they stumble and refuse to follow the truth, but go on worshipping dumb idols as before. From Puthankote there are three roads leading out to as many important places. One to Shahpoor, 7 miles to the N. E., the second to Madhapoor, the same distance to the North, and the third to Sujanpoor, 4 miles S. West. The first two are on the Ravee river, the third on the canal. We took the middle road to Madhapoor and left about 9 a. m., and visited four villages on the way. The first place we stopped was a small Mohamedan village whose people do gardening. It was only about a mile from Puthankote. They had plenty of sweet potatoes, and to show their good will gave us two or three messes when we left. Ten women left their morning work and took a deep interest in the Bible message of forgiveness of sin through a crucified Redeemer instead of by good works. They remembered our visit last year, and seemed very glad to see us again. About half way to M. we descried a few houses a little distance from the right side of the road, and finding a lane leading in that direction, followed it and came upon three or four large houses, and were greeted kindly by an old man and his wife, and given a seat in the shade. After talking a little with him we told him our errand was to read them God's word, if they would be kind enough to listen. He then called to the women, "Listen, they will tell you the good way," and went off. Here seven women and two men listened well to the gospel message of salvation.

Having left our horse and cart and groom at the roadside, we found the horse tied to a tree, and the groom had the tea-kettle boiling, and we soon made some tea, and refreshed ourselves from our lunch basket. While eating, one of the women who heard us came by and said, "Our Lumbardar's wife who lives a little further on at the left side of the road will be glad to hear you." So we went there next. Their house being near the roadside we had only to pass through a traveler's rest house to get into the long open court, between a long row of houses. The women were spinning and at first seemed frightened, and the chief's wife ran in to bring us some milk or sweet water, supposing we were

thirsty travelers. After assuring her that we did not want anything, having come merely to call upon her and read some of God's word, she gave us a seat on a low bedstead in the high and narrow veranda, and a good crowd of women gathered about us to ask questions and listen. Here, as well as elsewhere, they were much charmed with the bhajans we sang them, and listened well to the exposition of the prodigal son.

At the fourth place we stopped we had been enthusiastically received the year before, and as soon as it was known that we had arrived, twenty-five grown people and a host of children gathered around us and listened well to some of Christ's miracles, and His ability also to cure the sin-sick soul. Here, for the fourth time, we were asked when it was going to rain. One wanted to know if we could not tell from our book. We told them God alone could give rain; and they must repent of their sins and leave off praying to their idols if they wished God to give them rain in its season. One woman replied, "Quite true, we have sat day and night before our idols, and offered them many bushels of grain, but it has been all in vain." Our groom, who is a Sikh, said, "They offer many goats, also." This corner of our district seems quite given over to idolatry, and the priests do all they can to keep them in ignorance and are our enemies. As the sun was now declining we hastened on, and only stopped a few moments in the English graveyard, which is situated, like the English houses, on a high grassy plot near the river bank. To get to the small mission house near the native city we had to cross the Bari-Doab Canal near the place it starts from the river. Madhapoor is a picturesque place—the terraced banks of the canal, the river, and the numberless grass huts alive with people, make it a charming place. To us it has a sacredness, as having been the last place our beloved brother Gordon lived and labored. At 5 p. m. we reached our camp, tired and hungry, but having had a most enjoyable day.

Lovingly Yours,

C. E. WILSON.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

SIALKOT, August 4th, 1890.

DEAR FRIENDS:

While I was at Murree for a few weeks this summer I began a letter to you about the school, and had it almost finished, but in packing to come down I lost part of it, and so must begin over again. If it had not been for this I wouid have had my letter off, ere this.

Just here let me tell you the school is called the Girl's Boarding School, Sialkot, not Miss McCahan's Training School.

The new building is being erected, so I will wait until it is finished and then tell you about it, and in this try to give you some idea of how the girls live out of school.

Some of you at least know that it gets very hot here in summer and our summers are very long—from April to October. It is the custom to begin work very early in the morning and get through about noon, and rest during the heat. So school begins at six in the morning, and as the girls do their own housework, they have to get up very early to get the cooking and house-cleaning done before school begins.

Their bread is made of coarse graham flour mixed with water, well kneaded, and then made into flat cakes either between the hands or with a rolling pin, and baked on an iron plate something the shape of a saucer, only not so deep. These cakes will not keep very long and

are not good when stale, so they bake them for each meal and it takes a lot of them, as they are the principal part of the meal.

The school is divided into sets of eight, ten or twelve girls. One of the larger and well behaved girls is given charge of one of these squads and is to see that the work is done properly, and also assist with the work herself. These sets, or squads, take the different parts of the work week about. One week the cooking, another week sweeping the house, another preparing the mats, books, etc., for school, another sweeping the yard, and another drawing and filling the water for bathing, cleaning, etc.

We have never had a school room yet. Our school has been either the yard or the veranda—the yard in the cold season and the veranda in the summer. In the cold season, when it rained and we could not stay in either the yard or veranda we would push the beds to one side and crowd into the sleeping room as best we could. So you can understand why it was a special work to spread the mats, &c., and get ready for school. We use no benches or chairs. Teachers and all, except myself, in this school sit on mats. The reason I do not is that it tires me, not being accustomed to it.

The mats have to be spread before school, the books and slates brought out and distributed. They use the kinds of slates you do, and also a thin board, one with a little handle on one end. This is smeared all over evenly with a smooth kind of whitish clay prepared for the purpose, and then set up to dry. It is on this they learn to write. It is much better for them than paper and cheaper too. After school all these have to be gathered up and washed and prepared with the clay and put to dry for the next day. The books are collected and the ink pots, and the pens and the *slate* slates and all put away in a cupboard until time to study. The mats are rolled up and put away and then the place is ready for the beds to be placed, for it is in this same veranda and yard that they sleep in the hot weather. In the winter they sleep inside, of course.

I have been without a matron or assistants for so much of the time, the girls have learned to do a great deal more for themselves than if they had had some one to do for them. It makes them more thoughtful too. I found that they liked to slip along and have some one think for them and take all the responsibility off them. (Are they the only girls in the world who like this, girls?) So I told them they must think for themselves and if they got into trouble for not doing it, I would just let them bear the consequences. For instance, if they let the wood run out without giving notice in time, they would have to do without a fire till more could be conveniently got. One day I remember, in last vacation, they did not tell me the matches were nearly gone, so this morning they came and said they had no matches and could not get their fire started. The man had already gone to market so they had to wait till he went back again to get their matches. It seemed hard at first to do this, but I found so long as I would save them from the consequences of their carelessness they did not try to remember. It did them good and they themselves saw that it was better.

Some of them try to do their work well and are a great comfort to me, but others try only to get through as easily as they can and often leave their work and slip off to play. Some times when the bell rings for school and they are not ready, they leave it undone and slip into their class, hoping they will not be discovered. So you see they are not so different from girls on the other side of the world, after all.

They do not take their breakfast be-

fore going to school, but they eat a lunch at 9 o'clock recess, and take their breakfast at noon when school has dismised.

The veranda, or yard, is their dining room. Two rows of matting are spread, and on these the girls sit facing each other. Each one has a metal plate and dinking cup. The food is dished out by the girl in charge of the cooking and some of the girls of her squad distribute it in the plates; others pass round the bread and others fill each one's cup with water.

A small bell is then rung as a signal to be quiet, and one of the girls asks the blessing. They each take turns in asking. They then begin to eat. A bit of the bread is broken off and dipped into the food in the dish and then eaten. No knives or forks or spoons are used. Even rice is eaten with the fingers and if they try they can manage it without spilling it. Some of my girls, I am sorry to say, do not try to be neat—their places on the mat does not look nice after they have done.

When all have finished the little bell rings again for quiet and thanks are returned for their food, and then they all rise and leave except the cooks, who collect the dishes and wash them, and the others go to their work or play. Each one knows her work and for the most part things go on without much difficulty even if there is no teacher with them. I have tried to have things so arranged that the work will go on even when I am not present.

After breakfast and washing the dishes they all lie down for an hour's nap. This is necessary because they have to get up so early and the days are so hot.

At two o'clock study begins and lasts till four for the larger girls. Then the cooks begin the evening cooking and the rest sew an hour.

Now I wonder if any of you can *guess* what the next thing is. I do not think you can, and I fear you will be shocked when I tell you. Their heads have to be all carefully inspected to see that no lice are there. These pests are so difficult to get rid of here, we have to be constantly watching, and even then we can not always keep free of them. Each of the larger girls has to look one or more of the smaller ones and have her own attended to also. Some of them are very careless in this matter and give a great deal of trouble by it. After this matter is attended to, those who have any evening work go to it and the rest are at liberty to play or do as they wish for an hour or so. Usually the meal is ready shortly after and then from that till the bell rings for prayers they have their evening play.

As this letter is so very long I will leave the play for another one.

Yours sincerely,

E. McCAHAN.

AMERICAN MISSION,
CAIRO, EGYPT, Feb. 21, 1890.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have had a prayer meeting and Bible work for four or five years, in a village called Trum Elkhaleeg, between this and Old Cairo. I have been much discouraged about this meeting for some time and last week troubles came to a climax, and I thought I would leave them, at least for a while, and try some other field. This morning, in company with one of the Bible teachers, we took the train and went to a town some eight or ten miles from here, which had never yet been visited by any of us. It is a clean, little town, in the edge of the desert inhabited by Mohammedans, most of them black people from the Soudan and rather well to do, most of them being pensioned soldiers. We were not acquainted with anyone there, so we walked through the town, trying several places to get into conversation with the women, but in vain. Finally we approached a door where three or four black women were standing, and after a

little talk persuaded them to listen while we read to them from the word of God. They brought us chairs, and the teacher read the third chapter of Genesis, and then we began to tell them of the Saviour first promised in this chapter, but before long some men who had come to see and hear, frightened them away, telling them it was wrong for them to listen to such teaching, so we had to move on. We met a soldier who seemed very glad to get a tract, which I offered him I inquired if there were any Copt in the town. A child told me there was but one family, and when I inquired the way to this house, the people became alarmed and declared that there were no Christians (Copts) in the town, but that they lived in a village some distance away. However we persevered and found this family, who have lived so long among Mohammedans that they are almost Mohammedans themselves. They received us very kindly, and while we were reading and explaining to them the Scriptures, a Moslem (Mohammedan) priest came in and tried to draw us into a controversy on the divinity of Christ. While we were yet talking with the priest, a boy came who said he had been sent to invite us to a certain house. We went immediately and not knowing that the boy was lying, we followed him directly into the house. As we entered the inner court we saw four or five black women, well dressed in Soudaneese costume. When they saw us they were very much frightened and begged us to go away, waving their hands in such an imploring way, we tried to explain but it did no good. They called for a man servant to beat the boy, and the last we saw of him he was running for dear life through the narrow streets, and the man after him. A little farther on we saw a group of black women, sitting on a mat in the sun stringing beads. We sat down with them and soon found that one of them was from Khartoom and had seen Gordon Pasha. She said, "He was white like you, and a very good man, who gave help to the poor." This old woman seemed greatly to enjoy the reading and quite a little audience was soon gathered. A man tried to frighten them away, but the old woman (to whom I have referred] said, "These are good words." We read to two other interested gatherings and then came away. May the Lord bless the seed sown that it may bring forth fruit.

Last Thursday I was invited to the wedding of one of my former pupils, and as she was a person of some note, being the eldest daughter of Araby Pasha. (The famous leader in the recent rebellion in this land, and who is now in exile in Ceylon.) I was glad of an opportunity afforded to take some of my friends along. One of these friends was an English lady, spending the winter here and has an instrument for taking photographs. She photographed the bride alone, and then the bride with her mother and sisters, which pleased them very much and they asked for copies to send to their father in Ceylon. They had hired a house purposely for the wedding. Across the street were hung many little square and three-cornered flags of yellow, red and white, interspersed with chandeliers and lanterns. The large entrance door was decorated with palm branches and flowers, and the large open court, which is used at such times for the men, was seated with high benches covered with carpets, and the place decorated with flags. At the door was seated a brass band, which played when guests of importance arrived. If the guest was not of much importance, only a few notes were played—the more important the guest, the more prolonged the music. The gentlemen of our party remained in this court, where they had native music, instrumental and vocal, coffee, cigarettes, and after some time a bountiful supper, served on a large round

tray, of perhaps twenty courses, each course consisting of a single dish. At one corner of the court was a door hidden by a curious curtain; one corner of the curtain was held up until the ladies of our party had passed through. We groped our way for a few steps through the darkness, until we came to a stairway at the top of which we were received by the bride's sisters and sister-in-law. One of them sprinkled us with attar of roses as they led us into a large central room, off which were several smaller rooms. These were filled with guests of every grade, color and kind, such a mixture and such confusion. Chairs were brought for us. In front of us, on divan cushions, were seated the singing women with their musical instruments. These women are not respectable characters, but at such times receive much honor and praises. The sisters of the bride and sister-in-law carried fancy satchets from which they supplied their guests with cigarettes. After a little while we were led to the bride's apartments. These were nicely furnished. In one of them was a cabinet filled with costly jewels. The bride's bed chamber was furnished in white with gold embroidery, but the bride herself was more interesting than anything else. I have known her since the fall of 1882—when she with her sisters was brought to the school. She was not allowed to remain with us very long, but she made good use of her time, and soon learned to read. After leaving school, and up to the present time, she has read daily in a Bible which I gave her soon after she was taken out of school. She has read it through several times, and although I cannot say that she is a christian (as I so much wish I could) yet I know she loves the Bible, and says she will always read it. Will you not join me in the prayer that she may give her heart to Christ?

May the blessing of the Lord follow the efforts put forth by your society in His work.

Your sister in the good work,

M. A. SMITH.

P. S. Since writing the above I have been to call upon the bride, and I fear that her husband will not let her read in the Bible.

Miss Ella J. Newton, of A. B. C. F. M., Foochow, China, writes:

In a visit with one of our Bible women we found one day an old lady who could read very well. The New Testament interested her and she read it again and again, and seemed to grasp with unusual intelligence the truths contained therein. Soon she desired to worship this new God of whom she had learned, and, rising early one morning, that she might not be interrupted by the rest of the family, she carefully made her toilet and knelt before the open window facing the open court to offer her prayer to the God Unknown. She had no authority in the household, as the son with whom she lived was given away in his earlier years, but seeing his mother reduced to poverty, he was providing her with a home until other arrangements could be made. Once she was allowed to come to our house on the afternoon of the women's prayer meeting, but she saw so much that was new and strange to her that it is doubtful if she understood the real meaning of the service, but as her interest in the word of God deepened, the opposition of the family was aroused, and it was difficult to find opportunities for seeing her alone. Some times those who went to visit her were rudely repulsed by members of the family, and at others her little room was crowded with curious listeners. But the Holy Spirit must have taught the dear old lady Himself, for brighter grew the light in her heart and more fondly did she cherish the Holy Book, and once when she feared it would be taken from her by her angry grandson, she tied it around her

person, under her loose garments, feeling that whatever else was lost, she could not give up her Bible. The church was only a few rods away from her home, but she was never allowed to set her foot within its doors, so when she heard the bell for morning service, she knew it was Sabbath, and in her poor, weak way, she tried to keep the day at home. Her great desire was to be baptized and received into the fellowship of God's people, but thus far Satan has hindered. We were holding special meetings at the Girls' School, and, in spite of opposition, she determined tc come. A closed sedan chair was called, but the bearers were instructed to carry her to another house, and only after long delay and great difficulty did she arrive, just at the close of one day's session. We determined to keep her over night, however, that she might attend the meeting the next day. The Sabbath was near at hand, and we invited the native pastor to come and examine her with reference to baptism, feeling that, if she could not safely be taken to the church, the rite should be performed at the school. But before the pastor's arrival the family had sent a chair to take her home, deceiving her with a false report of serious illness in the house. So carefully guarded was she after this that very rarely were we allowed to see her, but in her own quiet way she has gone on worshipping God, and her last message to the missionary ladies was to tell them she was still holding on, and asking them to pray for her. Whether the doors may yet be opened, so that she may stand among Christ's professed followers here or not, we cannot tell, but we are sure that the Master will own her at the last great day, and seeing Him she will be satisfied.

Young People's Department.

FRED SCOTT.

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR STORY.

Written for the Magazine.

THE sun was sinking beneath the western horizon when Fred Scott said to his little brother, "Tom, next Sabbath night is consecration meeting at the Christian Endeavor Society."

"Well, what of it?" answered Tom "What does it matter to us whether it is consecration meeting or business meeting? Mamma says we are too young to go, and for my part *I* don't see any fun in their meetings anyway."

"Why—Tom—Mr. Forbes has been talking to me, and Tom, I want to join and take the active member's pledge—and I want you to join with me."

"Join?—join what?—the Christian Endeavor Society? Heigh-ho, not much Mr. Fred! Excuse me from pledging myself to all their meetings, and taking part and even promising to pray and read my Bible every day—why the back would be off that precious book in no time! Besides, mamma says we are too young to take that pledge and tie ourselves down. Perhaps in a few years we will grow tired of it—and she hates broken promises."

"But we need'nt break our promises Do you think we could grow tired of the Saviour who loved us so much that He laid down His life for us?"

"Oh mamma says that *sounds* well enough. Papa used to talk that way, but look at him now; and mamma says men are changeable and can't stick to a thing any length of time, and for my part

I don't intend to be a hypocrite."

"Say, Tom, that reminds me, "Do you suppose we could get mamma, and perhaps papa, to go to the social at the church Friday night? I think she would enjoy it if she would only go. I am sure Dr. Brown and his wife would be more than pleased to see them."

"Tell me, Fred Scott, are you entirely crazy? *Our* mother going to a social? Why she says that people go there and smile, and look pleasant, and say kind things, while all the time they wish they were at home, away from the tiresome thing."

"But Tom she was never at one of the Christian Endeavor socials. Dr. Brown intends speaking on 'The Work of the Christian Endeavor Society' and I promised the chairman of the social committee that I would bring a cake—for you know they are going to serve refreshments, and if mamma ——"

"If mamma would what?,, came a voice from the open door—"What is that my boys would have me do?"

Fred looked to Tom to answer, but Tom only sang out—"Tell yourself, Frederick Augustus Scott. He is a schemer, mamma, and is up to all kinds of tricks."

"No, mamma," answered Fred, "I am not up to *all* kinds of tricks—only one kind. I told Tom that I promised to take a cake down to the church Friday night for the social. Do you care, mother dear, if Hannah bakes me one?"

"Why no, Fred, you can have one since you are such a fanatic over C. E. But don't go too far. Remember we can't feed everybody and give everything we have away. You know you gave a dollar to the missionary committee."

"Yes, mamma, and they sent it to Egypt to Dr. Lansing, and when I heard how few there were in that country to teach the poor heathen I wished you had given me more. We are rich and it wouldn't have hurt us but it would have helped them."

"Fred Scott, I believe you would give every cent you have away. I want to buy that lot on the corner of Superior and Broadway, and how do you suppose I can do it, pay my taxes and educate foreigners at the same time?"

"I don't know, mamma, but don't you think happiness comes from helping others?"

"Happiness? Nonsense! There isn't any happiness in this world. It is all a delusion——"

"Mamma," and Fred put his arms around her neck, "Don't talk that way when you have Tom and me. We will make you happy. Mr. Forbes said last Sabbath night to look around and see how many lives we could make brighter and happier through onr influence, and mamma, I thought I would make *you* happier."

"Oh, Fred, don't be a hypocrite and help others only for self-praise. It would break my heart if I thought that you——"

"No, mamma, Christian Endeavorers do not work for themselves. They do it all "In His Name," and, mamma, don't you think it is grand to do something "In His Name?"

That evening Tom opened his eyes in amazement and said, "Did you ever" under his breath, when after dinner Mr. Scott said to his wife—"Mary, would you like to go around to Dr. Brown's church to-morrow evening? Our old friend Col. Taylor is to be there. The young people are going to give some kind of an entertainment, and this afternoon when I met the Colonel he was with young Forbes, who invited me to bring you and come around to-morrow night, and I thought that if you cared to go, we might drop in for a little while."

Fred's "Oh, do," was not heard as Mrs. Scott replied, "Yes, I would like to go. I want to meet Mr. Forbes and see what there is about him that attracts Fred so

greatly."

The social proved a success. Mr. and Mrs. Scott pronounced it as such, and the next Sabbath at the close of service the Scotts, who had not been at church for years before, asked for sittings and rejoiced Dr. Brown's heart by saying—"We have turned over a new leaf, Doctor, and want to be put in the working harness at once."

That night when Fred signed the active member's pledge, Tom said, "Mr. Forbes, you had better give me a pledge too. I can't stand it to be the only heathen in the family."

Years afterward, when Rev. Fred Scott was departing as a missionary for Egypt, his mother whispered as she gave him the good-bye kiss, "Fred do not neglect to interest the young in the Lord's work, and tell them to do it all 'In His Name.'"

A MISSING LINK.

Transitions are proverbially difficult, and there is at present a tendency to establish an interval between the Sabbath school and the church. The separation has grown out of the fact that the Sabbath school has come to be called the children's service, and that having attended it, they are permitted to remain at home the rest of the day. So notable a worker as Mrs. W. F. Crafts says that the churches are becoming dreary from the absence of the little people; and she advises the primary teachers to ask the children who have attended church to stand up each Sabbath, and to report the matter to the pastors. "One boy," she says, "told his parents, who were non-churchgoers, that he was ashamed not to be counted." The result was that the whole family became church attendants.

The modern sugar-plum method of instruction makes too much of mere attractiveness. Nothing has such a hold upon us as habit. A child may be restless during worship, he may be uncomfortable, but he is forming the habit of church going. There are no half lights in his mind. Once filled with the idea that the church is "God's house," and that it is a privilege to enter it, though his small legs may ache if you are not considerate enough to provide him with a hassock, he will not find the service tiresome, unless you set him an example. Duty can be grasped by a child's mind, and it is a mistake to suppose that he must be amused into the kingdom of heaven, or beguiled into it by a reward. "He told everywhere St. Paul went," said a reflective youngster of an illustrated lecture upon the great apostle to the Gentiles. "'Twas lots of geography." We have need, I fancy, in our effort to make the Sabbath school interesting, to take heed that we do not omit what is more essential even than geography; for a child even of six years knows perfectly well what his teacher is trying to fix in his mind, be it history, biography, geography, or righteousness.

Of course the first responsibility rests upon the parents; but the children of non-church going parents should be persuaded to church attendance by that most effective method—a personal invitation. When our risen Lord appeared to the eleven at Jerusalem, and bade them carry the gospel to all the world, he added, "beginning at Jerusalem." Our point of departure is our own homes, and when we have set our own children in the sanctuary, we can see to it that they, too, have been about the Lord's business. A child is the most winning messenger to a child, and I have often wondered what would be the effect if every church going child were encouraged to invite a non-church going

child to accompany it to worship, and to sit in that ark of respectability—the family pew.

The world loves entertainment, and would persuade pastors to advertise eye-catching sermon subjects in the daily prints beside the flaring announcement of some brazen show. But the church is God's house or it is nothing; and if at least once a week all the strings of the harp of human life thrilled and quivered within it to the good news, the percentage of natural growth to the church would rise to a much higher point.—(*Selected.*)

PROGRAMME FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Singing.
Prayer.
Singing:
Reading 10th chapter of Romans.
Season of prayer.
Singing.
Subject—Preaching the word.
Oct. 6th—Our Commission. Matt. 28: 19-20.

Before our Lord's ascension, while conversing with his disciples about the "things that pertained to the Kingdom of God," he solemnly declared his sovereign authority in heaven and in earth and then commissioned them to "teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." This, then, is his farewell command.

On its face it is a purely personal commission to those whom Christ had before selected and ordained, but that it extended beyond them is clear from verse 20. For they have not remained till the end of the world to claim that verse

The preaching of the word is the means which God has appointed (1 Cor. 1-21) and chiefly blessed for the salvation of the world, and it is man's duty to use it in expectation of his blessing, and we should zealously and diligently endeavor to communicate the gospel to others "even to the ends of the earth," with all the influence and talent which we possess, and with every self-denying exertion of which we are capable.

The field is the world, and we every one have our part to do in this great work. We may not all be preachers, or teachers or foreign missionaries, but we all have lives to live, and we should remember "our lives are sermons" and by them we may preach Christ effectively.

Our works and actions exert an influence of which we little dream. Many a one has been brought to Christ through the consistent life of some humble disciple. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." In whatever station we may be in life, let us do all we can by word and act to obey this commission.

With what a gracious promise Jesus closes the commission: "Lo, I am with you always; even unto the end of the world."

"Jesus is not indeed now personally present, but He is yet spiritually with us to assist and bless us in our studies and labor, and He will be with all His servants in the power of His protecting providence and by the influence of the Spirit, till He has gathered them into His kingdom, to share His glory. "It is not a fitful coming and going that is promised, but an abiding presence."

Missionary subject—The Bible reader's work. Refer to the WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE, Nov. 1887.

Oct. 20—The Laborer's Hire—(1 Cor. 9th 7-14).

The spirit of our religion is missionary and world-embracing, but all cannot be

foreign missionaries, and we learn from these verses that it is our duty to help support those who do devote their lives to the work of the ministry.

"Paul here shows that he, as well as other ministers of the gospel, had an equitable claim to a maintenance, on the principles of natural justice; for who expected others to employ their time, strength and skill, in their service, without affording them a support. The soldier, when fighting for his country, being thus prevented from attending to his private concerns, had his expenses borne by the State. The person employed in planting a vineyard was allowed a maintenance from its produce, and he who tended the flock used the milk from the flock. So the ministers of religion, while fighting the good fight of faith, laboring in the Lord's vineyard and feeding the flock, should not be refused recompense for their labor."

Bible references—Matt. 10-10 - Luke 10-7. Gal. 6-6—1 Tim. 5, 17-18.

Missionary Subject—China Inland Mission.

LIZZIE MCCLURE.
LIZZIE RAINEY.

McCrory Miss. Society Pittsburg, Pa.

PROGRAM FOR MISSION BAND.

Sing Ps. 96: 1-4 C. M.
Sentence prayers by band, to be closed by leader.
Sing Ps. 138: 3-4 L. M.
Map study, Egypt, its cities, rivers, etc.
Describe historical monuments, pyramids, sphinx. Consult any encyclopedia.
When and by whom was the United Presbyterian mission work commenced in Egypt?
In 1854 by Rev. Thos. McCagne and wife, and Rev. James Barnett.
Name the principal mission stations.
Alexandria, Cairo, Monsoora, Asyoot, Luxor.
How many smaller places have been occupied by mission work?
More than a hundred.
How many missionaries have we in Egypt?
Fourteen ministers, ten married ladies, and nine unmarried ladies.
How many native pastors?
Fourteen.
How is the work carried on?
By preaching; by teaching in day or Sabbath schools; by visiting the women in their homes; and by the selling of books either in Bible depots or by colporteurs, who carry the books to villages.
Give an account of Pressly Memorial Institute. See MAGAZINE, May and June, 1890.
Describe a visit to a harem in Egypt. See MAGAZINE, March, 1889.
How many Nile boats are there?
Two, the Ibis for the upper country, and the Monsoora for the Delta.
Describe a trip to a village.
The missionary visits a school, examines the pupils, visits the people and conducts meetings for prayer and preaching, besides having discussions with Copts or Moslems who come to argue. The ladies visit the women and instruct and pray with them and try to get them to learn to read.
How many congregations in Egypt, and how many members of the church?
Twenty-nine congregations, nearly three thousand members.
Sing Ps. 148: 6-8 8s and 7s.
Reading of Minutes.
Roll call, scripture responses.
Close with repeating the Lord's prayer.

COMMITTEE.

ACROSTIC.

By a little girl interested in missions, Pittsburgh, Pa.

1. The birthplace of one of the early kings of Israel.

2. The eleventh stone in the high priest's breast plate.

3. The woman that gave shelter to the spies sent out by Joshua.

4. The plain in Babylon where Nabuchadnezzer set up his golden image.

5. One of the last ten books of the Old Testament.

6. The oldest son of Aaron, who was slain by the Lord.

The initials of the answers spell the name of a pioneer missionary in our church.

Name the country to which he went and when?

Will some of our young friends answer?

THREE LITTLE TOAD-STOOLS.

Three little toad-stools,
Don't you see?
Just as 'tunnin
As we can be.
Where did we come from?
We don't know;
Guess from the same place
Violets grow.

What are we dood for?
Just to keep
Rain from de mosses.
W'en dey s'eep—
What else dood for?
Let me see,
Shelter toads sometimes,
'Tween you and me.

How old are we
D n't know quite,
Reckon we came
In a shower last night.
Where are we goin'?
To the cold north-pole,
With all the flowers
In a great big hole.

—*Selected.*

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

Keep watch on your words, my children,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey,
Like bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless like the warm glad sunshine,
And brighten the lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,
If their errand be true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind.
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through the brain like lightning,
Or fall on the heart like lead.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,
Under the bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they may make, my children,
Are always slow to heal.
May Christ guard your lips; and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of the beautiful truth!—*Selected.*

Editorial Department.

4,500 SUBSCRIBERS, 18,819 MEMBERS.

E again call attention to the need of increased and constant effort to secure a larger circulation of the MAGAZINE. Has some one been appointed in every congregation, or what is better, has some one volunteered to canvass for it? If not let there be no further delay. This incessant appeal may become stale and tiresome. It cannot be more so to you than to the Committee, who feel compelled to use every argument and all the eloquence they possess, to induce the women of our church to become sharers in the good work they hope to accomplish, and co-workers in the great cause of missions. Will not those who already love the cause and hope for growing vigor in its prosecution, give some time and effort to the circulation of the MAGAZINE. Among 18,819 members, a circulation of 4,500 does not satisfy. Always grateful for the help of kind friends, and for the appreciation of humble efforts, we hope by fidelity, patience and the courage of a living faith, to make the future record of the MAGAZINE more excellent than the past.

Thomas Paine prophesied that at the end of the first century of the American republic the church would be wiped out of existence, and even Thomas Jefferson was fearful that the church, unsupported by the state, would scarcely survive the first one hundred years of the United States. And now

"What hath God wrought!" for while the growth of the United States, in numbers and prosperity, has been unprecedented, the increase of the church all over the country has been triple that of state; and all this in spite of the fact that it was transplanted from the accumulated richness of ages into a wild and unbroken soil, and with the waves of the stormy Atlantic, then navigable only by tedious sailing crafts, rolling darkly between it and the fostering care of the parent churches. Undivided and untrammeled by the wise fathers of the state, it contended for its existence in the midst of the throes of a nation for a civil and religious liberty, and was patriotic to the core; for we read that on the occason of a battle near a church, the ammunition of the Federals having failed, the minister shouted, "Boys, give them Watts," and so the hymn books were made into wads and sent on their startling errand. For this the minister lost his life.

Emerging from the darkness of the revolutionary period, the church began to lengthen its cords and strengthen its stakes; and realizing that religion is a commodity, the more of which we send abroad the more we have for home consumption, it began to stretch out helping hands to those sitting in the region and shadow of death in far off continents and islands of the sea.

The growth of mission work of the church universal is one of the grandly thrilling events of modern times, and has enlisted the attention, interest, and help of earnest, thinking men of all classes and nationalities. That the foreign work of the church supplements the home work is literally true; as seen by the fact that many children of missionaries, having returned home to acquire an education, have been called to fill positions of honor and trust in the work of the church in their native land, especially in cities. All thinking and observant persons will admit that the holding of these great centers of population, teeming with life and sharpened by the quick interchange of thought, is the great problem to which the church of to day is set down to. And though the growth of christianity has been considerably varied in the different cities of our beloved land, it has been so great as to be a cause of deep thankfulness for the past, and of bright and well-founded hope for the future, for the promise is sure that "they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it"—the church triumphant, or heavenly city.

Most of our readers have ere this been saddened by the announcement of the death of Rev. J. R. Johnston, D. D., one of the editors of the *United Presbyterian*, and in former years a regular contributor to the *Youth's Evangelist* under the pseudonym of "Uncle Jeremy." The death of one so gifted will be widely felt, and to none will the sense of bereavement be more real than to the MAGAZINE Committee, to whom he was always a friend, helpful and encouraging. The first issue of the MAGAZINE contained an article from his facile pen, and in times of emergency he proved a wise counsellor. Of one member of the Committee he was the childhood companion and life-long friend. She well remembers many pleasant incidents of that time. Although apt and ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and with wonderful appreciation of the value of scholarship, even in his very youth, yet the school-room was irksome to him and he loved best of all the freedom of the farm, and often expressed himself to the writer that that would be his calling. But an event occurring when about sixteen years of age turned the current of his life. One day on the way to the mill, his horse becoming unruly, fell on him, breaking a small bone in his leg. For long months he lay, not realizing the

extent of the injury. When he recovered and attempted to resume his farm work with the vigor that always characterized him, his injured limb gave him so much pain he was obliged to desist. He then decided to enter college, where he was graduated with the honors of his class. His life from that on is known to so many that it is needless to add anything further. But to that accident as used by the Controller of all our actions is the church indebted for all that she has enjoyed of the life and labors of Dr. Johnston.

It seems but a short time since the death of one of the principal editors of the *United Presbyterian*, Dr. D. R. Kerr. The ranks are being depleted both at home and abroad. The workman dies, but the Master lives.

A missionary from India, at a late conference, said he was not in sympathy with persons who wanted to go to India without a promise of support, neither did he approve of any sacrifice that was foolish or unnecessary. The Lord has given us bodies to take care of, but if the missionary abuses himself, sacrificing health and strength unnecessarily, he will be held accountable to his Heavenly Father for it; walking miles and miles barefooted in India when the streets were hot enough to burn even when shoes were worn, was wrong, &c. At the same conference all emphasized the importance of schools and medical missions.

Unintentionally credit was not given to the *Woman's Evangel and Gospel In All Lands*, from which the extracts were taken with reference to the Chinese Missionary Conference, in our last issue.

The Government of Siam has sent six of its brightest young men to be educated at Westminster College, of the United Presbyrerian denomination, at New Wilmington, Pa.—*Missionary Link.*

SPECIAL TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

All communications are expected to be in the hands of Publishing Committee by the 5th of the month previous to publication. The MAGAZINE is closed on the 17th and all contributions received at a later date must be held over, or omitted entirely. If friends will comply with these directions much anxiety will be saved the Committee. The meetings of the Committee are held each Wednesday afternoon, when all questions pertaining to the MAGAZINE are considered.

No acknowledgment is made in this number of monies received, during the month, from Presbyteries for publication of minutes, as it is earnestly hoped that all delinquent societies have noted the statement made last month, and will respond promptly that the account can be closed by the 1st of November. Let this have the early attention of all concerned.

It is a matter of regret to the Committee that they are unable to give a picture of Mrs. Nichol. The order for the pictures of Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Crawford was given before the sad news of her death reached this country.

A Mohammedan mission is now being organized at Haiderabad to convert the Americans.

Extracts from an instructive article written at Paris, Jan. 17, 1890, by George P. Hays, D. D., on his return from Palestine, published in the September number of *Home and Abroad.*

Our recent tour brought us into reasonably intimate contact with the work of the United Presbyterian Church in Egypt, the English church in Palestine, our own mission work in Syria, the Covenanters' mission work in Latakia and vicinity, the Congregationalists' work in Constantinople, and the general organization of the Church in many countries of Europe. The trip was so brief that, of course, conclusions derived from it should be expressed with considerable modesty. Nevertheless the experience in the mission churches

and in those of adjacent regions may count for something. * * * * * *

In Egypt our United Presbyterian friends are slowly growing up an Egyptian synod, and they have been at it now long enough to begin to deal with their second and even third generation. In the midst of that motley band of people their converts and church officers and churches are beginning to know each other and appreciate the value of each other's sympathy and support. * * *

In all the missions such as Egypt, Syria and Turkey, a great work has been done in the preparation of text-books in the different languages. These text-books are used far beyond the schools of the missions; and while they do not pretend to be religious text-books, yet it is certain that wherever they are used, anti-christian books are out and text-books with a religious flavor are in the hands of the pupils and teachers. A text-book on natural philosophy, arithmetic or physics may not indeed have much religion in it, but it may have a great deal of irreligion in it. If prepared by religious men it will have a certain religious influence which is of the highest value. The text-books issued from the publication house in Constantinople may not at first sight seem to be much different from the text-books issued elsewhere in the Turkish language, and yet their value as text-books is slowly but surely winning a way for them in most important sections of the Turkish empire. The same is true of text-books in the Arabic language issued from Beirut. If the money expended in colleges and schools had done nothing more than create an educational demand for such text-books, that would be a great work. That was a keen reply of a missionary, when starting for a new field, and being asked what he was going to do, he replied, "I am going to start three schools." In reply to the question, "Why start three schools?" he answered, "I will start ours. In self-defence the Mohammedans will be compelled to start a Mohammedan school. In order to keep up, either the Greeks or the Romans Catholics, and probably both, will start schools. Then we will have four." This pressure of the Christian missions on the other religions to start schools in self-defence has reached such a pitch in Baalbec that the Moslems have started a *female seminary*. What use a Mohammedan would have for a girls' seminary does not at first sight seem clear, but it is here given as a last and conclusive proof that the benefits arising from our mission-schools are far beyond the actual educational work done in the schools themselves.

The MAGAZINE has received a copy of Harper's Weekly containing an article on the "Memorial Church at Spires" with the compliments of the Evangelical Consistory (Prof. Gumbel, Sec.) Spires on the Rhine. We gladly reproduce the following extract for the sake of those who have not seen the article. It will be of special interest to readers of the MAGAZINE as so many of them are from Pennsylvania:

A few years ago a movement was initiated in Germany to worthily commemorate the heroic action of the protesting estates at the Diet of Spires of 1529, who saved the cause of the gospel in Germany and other countries from the terrible fate of the Romanic lands and Belgium. A general committee was appointed at Spires, consisting of all the members of the Evangelical Consistory of the Palatinate, the mayor of the city, and others. It was resolved to build, as an enduring monument, a church in which the pure gospel should be preached forever on the spot where that cause had found heroic defenders in the first Protestants. A sum of nearly $200,000 has been already secured in Germany and from all Protestant countries on the continent of Europe. The appeal to the evangelical fellow-Christians was signed by the first men of Germany—Count Moltke, the historians Ranke, Curtius, Treitschke, the leaders of church, press, literature, art, commerce, industry, the school, and the army. Of late an appeal has been made to the Anglican Churches, and it is hoped that the powerful Protestant Church of America may send its contributions with its wonted generosity in the cause of the common faith. Those brave men at Spires protected the young faith both at home and abroad; without their protest our cause was lost, and Holland could not have sheltered the fugitive Pilgrims. Many English Protestants found refuge in the Protestant countries of the Continent, and Cromwell and the wise supporters of his policy were dilligent in keeping the bond of union with Protestant Europe. Nor must we forget that from the Palatinate, through the persecution of its bigoted rulers, fled a large number of sturdy Protestants to our shores, helping materially to build up the State of Pennsylvania, as well as other parts of the republic, and leaving many honorable names in the annals of peace and war, of industry, commerce, and science.

Women's Auxiliary Board, Etc.

TREASURER'S REPORT—RECEIPTS FOR JULY, 1890.

[When not otherwise not specified the money is from the W. M. S., of place named.]

Foreign—Alexis, $5; Monmouth, 33.75; Darlington, 11; Porterville, 9.50; Rocky Springs, 20; Robinson Run, 20; Oskaloosa, 6; Park Avenue, Omaha, 7; Y. L. M. S., Reynoldsburg, 10; Cedarville, 10; Clifton, 12; Jamestown, O. 13; Oil City, 10; Plain Grove, 18; Laurel Hill, 6; Unity, Pa., 14; Parnassus, 10; Miss Mary Rodgers, San Jose, Cal., 3.

Salaries—Miss Corbett, Conemaugh Pres., $100; Miss Campbell, Monmouth Pres., 187.50; Miss C. E. Wilson, Keokuk Pres., 12.50; Des Moines Pres., 62.50; Miss Adella Brown, Monongahela Pres., 100; Miss Smith, Kansas City Pres., 43.75; Miss Frazier, Argyle Pres., 275; Miss Mary K. Martin, Steubenville Pres., for outfit, 100; Miss Hogg, societies of 2nd Allegheny, 125; Dr. S. E. Johnson, West Moreland Pres., 10.

Miscellaneous—Columbus, girl's school, Cairo, $5; also to Asyoot, 5; Dorcas Soc., 8th Pittsburgh, ½ year scholarship in India, 12.50; 2nd Xenia, Bible reader India, 50; Greeley, Col., Mission Band, girl's school, Cairo, 10; also to Sialkot, 10; Y. P. S. C. E., Greeley, Col., pupil Sialkot, 6.25; 2nd Allegheny, Bible reader, Gujranwala, 90; 2nd New Wilmington, Bible reader, Jhelum, 37.50; East Brook, pupil Sialkot, 12.50; Logan's Ferry, Zenana work in India, 5; same in Egypt, 5; Sialkot Hospital, support of,—Neshannock, 10; Ewing

Band, 6th Pittsburgh, 5.

Home and W. S. Indian Mission—Alexis, $5; 1st Monmouth, 30; Y. L. M. S., 1st Monmouth, 10; Mission Band, Morning Sun, Ia., 5; Le Claire Prairie, 29; Darlington 6; Portersville, 9.50; Y. P. M. S., Beaver, 4.50; Rocky Springs, 12.50; Mission Band, Rocky Springs, 3.50; Robinson Run, 11; Oak Grove, Beaver Valley Pres., 10; 3rd Pittsburg, 20; Guinston, 8; H. M. S., Mexico, 20; 1st Ohio Pres., 29.95; Oskaloosa, 6; Chariton, 3; Knoxville, Ia., 10; Park Avenue, Omaha, 10; Cedarville, 10; Loveland, 5; Miss M. A. L. Knox, deceased, 6th ch., Allegheny, 25; 1st New Wilmington, 7.50; Laurel Hill, 3; Parnassus, 5; "Willing Workers," Parnassus, 5; Miss Irene Hopple, Warm Springs, Oregon, 20.

Salary—Ewing Band, 6th Pittsburgh, $10.

Freedmen's—Alexis, $5; 1st Denver, 20; De Witt, 7.75; Beaver Falls, 5; Rocky Springs, 10.50; Oak Grove, Beaver Valley Pres., 9.25; New Jefferson and Scio, for debt, 25; Chariton, 2; Knoxville, Ia., 5.66; Monroe, Ia., 7; Park Avenue, Omaha, 5; Cedarville, 10; Greeley, Col., 14; Utica, Pa., 5; Sharon, 5; Parnassus, 5.

Salary—2nd Pittsburgh, $25.

Little Boys' Home—Verona, $10; Adamsville, 12; Utica, Pa., Mission Band, 3; Guy D. Cranston, deceased, member of Mission Band, De Witt, 1; Mission Band, West Newton, 2.30; S. S., West Newton, 1.32.

Little Girl's Home—1st Pittsburgh, $10; North Page, 5.

Industrial Home, Chase City—"Young Helpers," Salem, $21.38; Amity Run, 2.95; "Busy Bees," 2nd New Castle, 2; 1st Ohio Pres., 5; Mrs. David Wylie, Martin, Mich., 5; "Willing Workers," Parnassus, 5.

Church Extension and Parsonage Fund—Alexis, $5; Elvira, 10; Robinson Run, 5; Chariton, 2; Winterset, 2; Park Avenue, Omaha, 5; Cedarville, 10; 3rd Xenia, 50; Waterford, 15.30; Jamestown, Pa., 8; Greenville, Lake Pres., 10; Laurel Hill, 16; Greensburgh, 8; Mission Band, Braddock, special, 4.50; Parnassus, 5.

Ministerial Relief—Alexis, $3.70; Chariton, 1.

Children's Memorial Hospital, Allegheny—Fulton Mission Band, 4th Allegheny, $18.

Orphans' Home, Allegheny—Y. L. M. S., Jacksonville, $3; Chariton, 2; Hartstown, 5.

Aged People's Home—Neshannock, $10; a friend in 1st Mercer cong., 25; Hartstown, 5.

Contingent Fund—1st Ohio Pres., $4; Mrs. J. C. Doty from sale of Mission Band Helper, 2.40.

E. J. SLOAN, Treas.

PROGRAM FOR MONTHLY MISSIONARY MEETING.

Subject:—Our Missionaries and their Work. "Behold upon the mountains, the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings that publisheth peace."

Sing, Ps. 40 C. M. 8-13 verses.

Scripture Lesson, Rom. 10, 11, 17. Isaiah 53, 7, 12

Subjects of Prayer. Pray for the workers in the field, those at home for a season of rest. For those who have been so sorely bereaved during the year. Pray that hearts may be opened to receive the word. Pray for the schools, native teachers, Bible women, wayside hearers, women in the zenanas. Pray especially for the party of missionaries who sail in the steamship City of Rome, 18th of October. May special prayer be made for the two young women who go out for the first time.

SUBJECTS FOR SHORT TALKS OR PAPERS.

What is the work of a missionary?

What methods do they employ to reach the women with the gospel?

How many ladies are at present in our mission fields in India and Egypt?

How many in America for rest?

How many medical missionaries and where located?

Close the conference with a short paper. Subject, "The need for more workers.

Sing, Ps. 100.

Business. Adjournment.

COMMITTEE.

Resolutions by the L. M. S. of the Cove, U. P. church, Pennsylvania, on the death of Miss Bell Martin.

WHEREAS, God in His wise providence saw fit, on June 29th, 1890, to call to Himself our beloved friend and ex-president, Miss Bell Martin; therefore be it

Resolved, 1st That humbly bowing in submission to His will, we deeply deplore the loss of one whose life of cheerfulness and liberality, of faith and hope was a constant inspiration to those around her.

Resolved, 2nd That our warmest sympathies be tendered her sorrowing relatives and that they be commended to the great Comforter, who, in this visitation, admonishes all to a greater diligence in His service.

COM.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

FUNDS.—Receipts from all sources during August, $4,069 80; paid salaries in this country, $658 34; Rev. J. P. McKee, $500; Printing and Mailing, $350 25; Egypt, $204; India, $70.

MISSIONARIES.—Arrangements are made for the sailing of the following party from New York in the steamship City of Rome, on Saturday, the 18th of next month (October):—Rev. Dr. Andrew Watson and wife, Miss Mary E. Work and Dr. Lansing for Egypt; and Rev. J. P. McKee and Miss Mame R. Martin for India. Dr. Lansing will be accompanied by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. Carroll Lansing, of Cairo, Egypt, (formerly Miss Isabella Strang), and her young son, Gulian Lansing. The entering upon the work by this party will be of great interest and importance to the Missions.

It is probable that a special public farewell meeting will be held in one of the United Presbyterian churches in the city of New York on the evening before the ship's sailing.

THE ANNUAL REPORT.—It is specially gratifying that this report is being more widely called for and, it is hoped, carefully read, than at any former time. Pastors in many instances are showing much interest in seeking to have their people read it. Says one, "As far as possible, I would like to have every family in my charge read the last foreign mission report. Will you please send me fifteen or twenty copies, and I will see to their being distributed and thus read."

A lady who is devoted to every good work in one of our congregations, says: "I can make good use of all the reports which you sent me as I desired. Those which I have distributed have proved very acceptable. I marked some passages in them, and they seem to have been read with special interest. One lady, who had always thought such reports very dull reading, has changed her mind, and is much taken up with this. Another who has been away among the members of a church in a sister denomination, and had noticed how much they made of missions, was much pleased to have the opportunity, as I put this report into her hands, of learning so fully about the missions connected with *our own* church."

There is a large supply of these reports still on hand, and they will be promptly sent wherever desired.

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.—From a letter from Miss Hogg, of the Egyptian mission, dated Aug.

2nd, we gather the following items:—

Rev. Mr. Nichol bears up well under his great trial and is manifestly sustained of God. Mr. Hope W. Hogg, of the Asyoot Station, was much enfeebled, but after being a time at Ras el Bar, a little mud-hut settlement on the seashore not far from Damietta, he was greatly recuperated. His sister, Miss Hogg and Miss Kyle, were also at the same place with much benefit for a time. The Presbytery and Missionary Association were about to hold their semi-annual meeting at Seeft.

From Miss Anderson, of the Jhelum Station of the India Mission, dated Aug. 4th, we gather:—Miss Given had gone, after her long and severe illness, to Murree, where she could get good pure air, and she was slowly but surely getting back to good health and strength. Dr. Johnson has gone to Dharmsala for a brief change. She is succeeding well in her dispensary at Jhelum, where during the month of July there were almost *eight-hundred* women and children treated. Rev. T. L. Scott was spending some time at Bhera, a mission station of considerable interest and promise. A building is being erected there that, with all the requisites for a little church, will have a reading-room, a dispensary and a rest-room all in the same building, and has been so provided for that no part of the expense will come from the mission treasury. "As far as I know," says Miss Anderson, "all around our little circle here are well."

J. B. DALES, Cor. Sec.

136 N. 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

September 8th, 1890.

QUESTION DRAWER.

[Address all communications for this department to Miss E. W. Pollock, 127 E. 8th St., Erie, Pa. These communications must be in the hands of the editor by the fifth of the month prior to the one in which they appear.]

The question in regard to the election of Presbyterial officers and delegates to the Women's General Missionary Society is ably answered by E. M. C., in which she leaves the way open for a discussion of the subject. We would be pleased to hear from others. It is one of the questions asked at the last meeting of the Women's General Missionary Society, and we would be glad to hear from the persons who answered it there.—ED.

Ques.—Should the election of Presbyterial officers and delegates to the Women's General Missionary Society be strictly from the delegates and members of the association?

Ans.—If I understand the question correctly, I should reply in the affirmative. Our Presbyterial Missionary Associations are like our Presbyteries in their make up, with *one exception*.

Every United Presbyterian congregation in the Presbytery is a part of the Presbytery, according to our church government, *without* any action on the part of the congregation. In our Presbyterial Missionary organizations those societies *only* belong to them which take action authorizing the names of the societies to be placed on the roll of the Presbyterial association, transact their business through the Presbyterial treasurer, and send delegates to its meetings.

All this having been done, I take it that any paying member of any of these auxiliary societies, as well as the delegates in attendance at the meeting of the Presbyterial association, is eligible to election as an officer of the Presbyterial, or as a delegate to the Women's General Missionary Society—just as any minister or elder in a Presbytery can be elected an officer of the Presbytery or a delegate to the General Assembly, whether he be a delegate to the Presbytery or not.

In the bonds of our Presbyterial Associations I am sorry to say there are congregational societies who do not pay dues, or transact any of their business through the Treasurer of the Presbyterial Association. I think that no member of such a society is eligible to any position in the Presbyterial or General Missionary Society. There is another class of societies which pay *dues only* to the Presbyterial treasurer and do not transact any business through its treasurer—consequently they do not transact business through the General Missionary Society, or through its business agent, the Women's Board. While such societies are entitled to send delegates to the Presbyterial Association meetings, still I would *scarcely* consider them eligible as delegates to the Women's General Missionary Society, for this reason—they do not work through it and consequently could not represent any part of its work; again it would hardly be fair to have women vote upon and discuss questions which come before a society such as our W. G. M. S., when they at the *same time* have no part in its work. For example, the W. G. M. S. authorizes its agent, the Women's Board, to undertake and carry on certain branches of work. Is it fair that women who will not work through said agent should have a voice and a vote upon such questions?

Therefore while I would be willing to give all members of societies who paid dues to the Presbyterial—Presbyterial honors—I would not honor them by sending them as delegates to the W. G. M. S., or elect them as officers thereof.

The above is my personal opinion only and I presume many will differ from it. Would be glad if you would open this column to those on the other side of this question if they desire it.

Let us all earnestly strive to work harmoniously together through the same channels; if some do not care to do so let us find no fault with them, but let us keep our honors for those who are laboring together with us. E. M. C.

Ques.—Should the constitution of a Presbyterial Society designate how many delegates from each congregational society should be sent to the Presbyterial meeting, or should each society send delegates in number proportionate to its membership?

Ans.—The constitution of a Presbyterial Society *should* designate the number of delegates to be sent from each congregational society. The officers—and they should be of the same number in each congregational society—with *two* delegates gives each society a good representation in the transaction of business.

The model constitution approved by the Women's Board provides for such representation and is justified by the experience of some of our best organized Presbyterials.

With such an equitable arrangement the Presbytery is able to transact business with more expedition and intelligence. As a rule the officers of the local societies are better informed and have more missionary zeal than many of the members who may be chosen as delegates, and should therefore hold the majority of votes.

Numbers do not always indicate enthusiasm. So many names on the society roll are those of paying, not *working* members—so that many societies in small congregations, whose list of members is necessarily short, may exert more influence for good than the larger society in a larger congregation, and should therefore have an equal representation. It is the best arrangement also for societies who pay travelling expenses of delegates. M. M. H.